

Mother Theresa's Last Dance.

© Xen.

If ever there was a more perfect, unbroken woman,
Mother Theresa sits on the pinnacle of heaven as she.
That soul is the healing right hand of (The One) who
rests upon the stars contemplating humanity.

Mother Theresa dedicated her life as a healing ‘Christ’ a true “Christ” to the poor and sick people and to the ‘holy church and mother.’ Few if any in the undeveloped and developed worlds have not heard of her, her works and life that she lived.

Mother Theresa wrote the gospel about EMPATHY! She lived a life of empathy and took it to the Nth degree. She actually lived with her sick patients; often suffering their diseases as did they as an integral part of healing them. Why? She said, 'when I suffer as do they then I can understand and treat their suffering....' AA or Alcoholics Anonymous has an odd saying that follows Mother Theresa’s point, “In helping another alcoholic to sobriety, I help me to sobriety.” [We walk together holding hands of the same terminal disease and should that bind break we both suffer and die...]

The paradigm
To know what is, is to know what is not!
In sum Mother Theresa's words were
PROFOUND!

That is empathy!

Upon first hearing, that statement confused me dearly. How can the blind lead another blind person to see? Mother Theresa resolved that mystery by living a life confirming her beliefs!!! Rare in a world of all talk without the walk.....she spoke little and walked constantly. Which is the whole abstract first principle of the ‘suffering Christ’, which underlies every ‘Christ’ archetype of every religion ever known to human philosophical beliefs after stripping away all the woo-woo sea of perversion under which it lies!!! That is C. G. Jung's entire philosophy merging mind, body and soul into his psychology paradigm that he struggled a lifetime to express in his writing!

Mother took a lot of misguided, tarring from atheists such as Author Mr. Hitchens. His arrows were on the mark but at the wrong target. She shouldered it with grace. However, none of that belonged to her, but to the criminal corporation she served

that exploited the woman as a corporate ‘useful idiot poster child’ robbing the poor of untold resources that were sent in support of her work that never made it down that far.

Mother Theresa did miracles! Not in ‘woo-woo’ pageantry, out of thin air, slight of hand, biblical magic tricks entertaining unwashed masses. Her miracles were in acquiring and stretching scarce, resources tremendously well beyond what even Jesus’ claimed using 3 loaves and 2 fishes in feeding thousands. Mother Theresa and her disciples weekly helped tens of thousands of the poorest people, sickest people on this planet. One woman and many dedicated helpers truly did miracles beyond anything imaginable **in this real world**; not as a children’s story written in some ‘woo-woo’ religious text! **IN REALITY as a spiritual and physical medicine woman, she truly helped countless suffering people!!!**

When Mother aged as with all physical beings she declined into the wasteland of old age, sickness, dying, death, and into the darkness we all shall face as her ‘Time of Ashes’ or Dark Night of the Soul. Millennia ago, a priest named St. John of the Cross, in his darkness wrote Dark Night of the Soul. His reward was the last two years of his life confined in prison solitude. No one was to speak to him on penalty of death. His keepers were deaf, mute and dumb. It is said the Vatican cut out their tongues, deafened their ears to ensure John could not communicate with the outside world. All known copies of Dark Night of the Soul were found and destroyed...all but one. That priceless document secretly left the country by an unknown person. Where it made its way into Germany that had the first Gutenberg printing press that could reproduce documents without the armies of scribes that had done so prior to the printing press. The document was painfully transcribed from Latin into many languages, printed, and then secretly distributed through the underground worldwide. Afterwards, the original manuscript disappeared into undisclosed safekeeping where it remains this day. When news of this made it to Vatican, the Pope ordered anyone caught with a copy publicly tortured, murdered, and burned at the stake as example against any more insubordination against the Church and the darkest ages descended upon the land. Dark Night of the Soul was such a threat to the Church it went that far to censor it. After reading and understand John’s message it becomes clear that he exposed the whole of Roman Christianity as a fraud. Now on to Mother Theresa.

During Mother Theresa’s ‘Time of Ashes’ in the final months before her death she described her darkness in letters written to a trusted friend. [“When I searched for ‘god,’ jesus, the saints, devil, demons, the holy church, holy mother, all that I spent my life believing none were there. I realized the church used me as a [useful idiot] to gain mammon from the people’s suffering. I only found emptiness, and something incomprehensible to me **I was alone & lost in the darkness holding an unseen hand that felt like a warm hug and blanket around my cold, tired body.**] Mother Theresa in her last dying months wrote that and more to a trusted friend; then asked after her death that the friend burn the letters. Instead, she interpreted them from Latin, and published them and got the same reception as St John of the Cross for writing his **Dark Night of the Soul** almost two millennia ago. Few copies circulated on the Internet. The originals

disappeared into undisclosed safekeeping like Dark Night of the Soul. The interpreted copies soon vanished from public and were forgotten. It was about that same time Church sex scandal was all-abuzz and sleazy gossip attracted public attention away from Mother's truth. Both she and John exposed the Church as an abomination of evil. The point here is, that in her time of ashes as in John's she found truth...her truth...everyone does. Leaving this world is an outgoing process in reverse of the arrival route. When a newborn arrives, it must grow into this world as a human being. That incoming process is painful. Ever hear a baby's scream, that is pain. When it is one's time to leave here, s/he enters a similar outgoing progression of decline, dying, death and rebirth, which is terrifying and painful as reverse of the arrival. One enters the wasteland of being alone in the darkness, frightened, in a painful experience that one does not understand. How do you understand dying and death without undergoing it? This single biggest difference in birth experience and dying is that one is unconscious coming in and is fully aware going out. The pain is just as real but in dying one feels it full strength and it is terrifying! One does this alone. People draw very close to the (The One) when in dark wilderness alone. That is the unseen hand and blanket of something unnameable and not of this physical world. It is there! That is reason for the wasteland & suffering or Time of Ashes: to die to this world and be reborn into the (Christ) as it were while crossing between this world into what lies next and carrying on to the next step of spiritual evolution. This is part of the universe's causal chain of being or circle of existence. We are not prepared for this anymore than birth! All illusions vanish in this Time of Ashes leaving only truth and purity in darkness. That is why without illusions Mother and I found the same unseen hand in darkness of what cannot be named. I can only at best breathe its name. Mother Theresa's description is perfection. When entering my Time of Ashes, I, too, found nothing except emptiness of being alone lost in darkness but for an unseen hand holding mine that felt like my father's hand holding me when I was a small frightened boy and as Mother said, 'the warm, fluffy, blanket, wrapped around my tired, cold [hurting] body."

I will end this as it began.

If ever there was a more perfect,
unbroken woman, Mother Theresa sits on
the pinnacle of heaven as she. That soul
is the healing right hand of (The One)
who rests upon the stars contemplating
humanity.